

## The Tragedie

*Glo.* Tush, that was in the rage:  
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,  
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,  
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,  
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.

*La.* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* Tis figured in my tongue.

*La.* I feare me both are false.

*Glo.* Then neuer man was true.

*La.* Well, well, put vp your sword.

*Glo.* Say then my peace is made.

*La.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glo.* But I shall liue in hope.

*La.* All men I hope liue so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

*La.* To take is not to giue,

*Glo.* Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger,  
Euen so thy breast incloseth me poore heart.

Were both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poore suppliant may

But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer:

*La.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it would please thee leaue these sad designs.

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repaire to Crosbie place,

Where after I haue solemnely enterred

At Chertsie Monasterie this noble King,

And wet his graue with my repentant teares,

I will with all expedient dutie see you:

For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you

Graunt me this boone,

*La.* With all my heart; & much it ioyes me too,  
To see you are become so penitent:

Trekill and Bartly, goe along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*La.* Tis more then you deserue:

But since you teach me how to flatter you

Imagine I haue said farewell alreadie. *Exit.*

of Rich

*Glo.* Sirs, take vp the coronation

*Ser.* Towards Chertsie n

*Glo.* No: to White Fryer

Was euer woman in this hu

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Ile haue her, but I will not ke

What I that kild her husband

To take her in her hearts ex

With curses in her mouth, te

The bleeding witnesse of he

Hauiing God, her conscience

And I nothing to backe my l

But the plaine Diuell and di

And yet to win her all the wo

Hath she forgot alreadie that

Edward, her Lord, whom I so

Stabd in my angry mood at T

A sweeter and a louelier gentl

Framd in the prodigalitic of

Yong, valiant, wise, and no do

The spacious world cannot ag

And will she yet debase her ey

That cropt the golden prime

And made her widdow to a w

On me, whose all not equals E

On me that halt, and am vnsha

My dukedome to be a begger

I do mistake my person all thi

Vpon my life she finds, althou

My selfe, to be a maruailous pr

Ile be at charges for a Looking

And entertaine some score or t

To studie fashions to adore my

Since I am crept in fauour with

I will maintaine it with a little c

But first Ile turne you fellow in

And then returne lamenting to

Shine out faire sunne, till I hau

That I may see my shadow as I